i get this picture of us kissin' in my head by brawls (brawlite), ToAStranger

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Summary:

After the party, Steve is hungover and really not expecting anyone to show up on his doorstep. He's *certainly* not expecting Billy Hargrove.

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Author's Note:

> **warnings, brought to you by toast-ranger-to-a-stranger:** dumb bois being GREAT bois; hot, hot kitchen blowies; Billy Hargrove's tongue (did you expect anything less?); all is not what it seems; honestly, we could've probably done 10k more of porn in this 'verse

I didn't want to be the one to forget
I thought of everything I'd never regret
Let's run with it because it's all we can take

Instant Crush, Daft Punk

--

The house is still a mess of empty glasses and pizza boxes. Steve sighs as he eyes the living room and the kitchen, dragging a hand through his hair, still in his pajama pants, and maybe a bit hungover from that bottle of whiskey Hopper had slid him on the sly.

He's not sure how everything got so out of control-- how house parties at his parents' place always seemed to get out of control-- but now he's left with the clean-up-- and he agreed to meet up with Dustin and the nerds later for a barbeque at the Byers'.

Summer is hot and heavy in Hawkins. Oppressive and humid in a way that makes Steve want to hide indoors, if only to avoid the sun burning his nose and his shoulders, like he inevitably does each summer. Even now, his cheeks and his nose are a bit pink from spending hours outside; he thinks back on graduation, on sitting and jittering in that terrible metal chair, waiting and waiting and waiting to hear his name called, to see if it actually would be.

Last night's party was supposed to be small. Just a few friends-- Nancy and Jonathan, maybe the kids-- and it had turned into something much larger. He remembers it getting out of control

somewhere between bobbing along to Duran Duran and answering the door for more pizza and seeing Tommy.

There's the ghost of words in his ear-- *you're too nice, Harrington*-- but he moves beyond their whisper and starts gathering up the mess.

He's halfway done when there's a knock at his door.

He thinks it's Dustin. Thinks it's going to be him, and maybe Lucas, gathering him early to drag him out to the arcade, so he answers the door smiling.

"You assholes are *way* too early," he says, swinging both doors open, and faltering at the sight of Billy Hargrove on his doorstep.

He remembers Billy, at the party after graduation, in his stupid tight jeans and no shirt-- even the night too hot for a leather jacket-- and remembers how strange it had been. Seeing him at his house for any reason other than picking up Max, for any reason outside of a few terse words and not much else, Steve's eyes always lingering when Billy wasn't looking; wishing that maybe Billy's gaze had been the one burning him all night, too.

Now, he's standing in front of Steve in a pair of torn jeans, with his shirt open practically to the navel, grinning and looking like he's exactly where he wants to be. Steve fingers curl over the edge of the door, and he shifts from foot to foot.

"Max isn't here," Steve says, assuming.

Billy's got that smile on his face that Steve has gotten so used to, that over-sure, overconfident one. His teeth are bright white in the sun. His smile, too shark-like. Too wide.

"Who says I'm here for Max?" Billy says.

Billy leans in, bracing himself against the door frame with a flat palm, leaning like he doesn't have a care in the world. Hovering, getting into Steve's space -- like always. His eyes, so blue and bright, look past the doorway, surveying the foyer of the house, before falling back on Steve.

Billy licks his lips. “Aren’t you going to invite me in?” he asks, before Steve even gets a chance.

Steve’s throat works. He shuffles back a step, opens the door a little wider, in silent invitation. “Did you forget something last night?”

Billy doesn’t respond until he’s already through Steve’s doorway, pushing his way into Steve’s space like he belongs there. “Nah,” Billy says, just *looking* around.

It feels a bit like Billy’s prying, peeking behind the curtain. Sure, he’s not digging through Steve’s cabinets or through his drawers, but given the chance, Steve knows he probably would.

After a little while, Billy whistles. Long and low. “I always forget you live in a mansion, pretty boy. Sheesh, look at this place.”

With a huff, shoulders slumping a bit, the comment as rote as the names by this point, Steve shuts the door and then pads by Billy, heading toward his living room to keep cleaning up. Just because Billy Hargrove is suddenly in his house doesn’t mean Steve’s going to let him keep him from picking up the place before his parents get home to find a mess.

“Did you need me to pick-up Max for you or something?” Steve asks over his shoulder, glancing at where Billy has followed him and is lingering in the archway between the living room and the rest of the house.

Billy ignores him for a moment, checking out the paint job on the archway, even scratching at it with the nail of his thumb. Steve wants to call him on it, but doesn’t. Because Billy looks -- well, for one brief moment -- shy. The emotion is gone before Steve can blink, before he can even truly register it.

The next second, Billy is running a hand through his hair -- and it’s shorter now -- and grinning again. “Maybe I just wanted some alone time with King Steve, huh? You seem to be in pretty high demand these days.”

Steve eyes the curls on the top of Billy’s head, the close cut at the

sides, and remembers how long it had been once. His fingers itch, so he busies himself gathering up empty, plastic cups.

“People like free booze,” Steve shrugs a shoulder, hands full as he turns to face Billy, and he pauses to sniff at the dark liquid in one of them, nose wrinkling up at the heavy scent of rum. “Wasn’t exactly planning on a bash.”

“Looks like things got a little wild. Need a hand?” Billy says -- and then makes absolutely no move to help Steve at all. Billy just follows him into the kitchen, hot on Steve’s heels and about a half a foot too far into Steve’s personal space.

It’s a bit reminiscent of their time on the basketball courts. Billy always trailing him, always crowding into his space, as if making sure Steve knows that Billy is right there. Like he’s trying to remind him.

As if Steve ever needed a reminder. Just watching him, all static lines and sweat and muscles, wicked delight in his eyes as he squared off with someone-- it was enough to ensure Steve would remember him for a lifetime. And that wasn’t even counting that time he beat his face in.

“Are you actually gonna help or are you just here to hover?” Steve asks, voice a little tight, dumping the cups out into the sink before tossing them into the trash with the pizza boxes.

Billy moves out of the corner of Steve’s eye. *Finally*, he thinks, *finally* Billy’s going to pitch in a little bit. Steve could use the help, even if it is from Billy Hargrove.

Steve very nearly startles when Billy’s fingers wrap around his wrist. When Steve turns, Billy is *right there*, standing close, so close. “I gotta say, cleaning’s not *really* my thing,” Billy says, lips curling into something of a mean smirk.

Steve’s throat works, and he gives a little pull; feels Billy’s fingers tighten in reply, fingertips pressing to the heavy *thud* of Steve’s pulse. Feels his heart lurch, and something winds tight in his stomach.

“What are you doing here, Billy?” Steve asks, again, voice a hush,

eyes on Billy's face-- the creases around his eyes, the white of his teeth, the dimple in his cheek-- and Steve thinks *he's beautiful*, but he also thinks he already knew that.

Billy's thumb presses hard against Steve's pulse point and his hand is hot, so hot, over Steve's wrist. "I missed seeing you every day," Billy says, and it would be sweet -- if it wasn't Billy, if the words weren't laced with the ever-present threat looming in Billy Hargrove's person. Billy leans in, just a little bit closer. "Can't I just drop by to say *hey*?"

Steve can't help but lean away, sliding back a step, knocking back against the counter with a little grunt. "Missed me?" Steve asks, more than a bit dubious.

"Yeah," Billy says, stealing the space Steve just vacated by crowding back in again. "Without you to play with in basketball, how am I supposed to keep myself entertained? I'm *bored*, pretty boy. And you're my favorite distraction."

"Distraction," Steve repeats with a scoff, a shudder rippling through him as Billy presses that much closer-- and Steve places his hand on Billy's chest, stops him, Billy's eyes a bit wild and *so blue* when Steve meets his gaze again. "What the fuck are you talking about, Billy? You want me to *entertain* you?"

"Well, if you wouldn't *mind*," Billy says, grinning with all of his goddamn teeth.

Billy's bare chest is warm underneath Steve's hand and he doesn't budge, doesn't let Steve push him away. Those blue eyes drop, sliding down Steve's face, coming to rest on Steve's lips.

Steve goes very still. His breath goes a little shallow, skin prickling.

He wonders if this is it. If all of those tiny moments-- pressing too close during practice, the way Billy would always look but never do anything in the showers after, each time Billy teased him in class with sharp words or passed by too close in the halls-- have lead up to this.

If something Steve has wanted, has thought himself stupid for

wanting, has finally found its way to his doorstep.

He wets his lips, fingers flexing against the hot skin of Billy's chest, and he feels Billy lean into it. Feels him press forward. Feels the anticipation burn through his veins.

"And how would I do that?" Steve asks.

Billy's eyes dart over Steve's face, from his lips, to his eyes, and back again. Like he's nervous. Like he's maybe even a little scared. But again, the flash of vulnerability is just that -- only visible for a second before it's gone, covered up quickly by another smirk. By Billy bracketing Steve in against the marble counter, one hand on either side. Pinning him in.

"Oh," Billy says, leaning in so close that Steve can feel Billy's breath ghost over his lips. "I'm sure you'll think of something."

But Billy doesn't give Steve a chance to think. He closes the distance between them only a moment after he finishes talking, and catches Steve's lips in his own.

Billy's lips are softer than Steve imagined them, warmer. His kiss isn't necessarily *gentle* -- but it is hungry, hot, ardent.

Steve shakes a little. Something in him unfurls, opens up, pulsing and wanting. He lets out a small sound, against Billy's mouth, brows drawing together, and his fingers curl a bit, press into skin of Billy's chest, the other hand coming up to splay against Billy's side. Not quite pushing him away, not quite pulling him closer, not quite sure this isn't all some elaborate joke.

His face is pink, warm, when Billy pulls back just enough to meet his eyes. There's a question there. Steve's lips are tingling.

He doesn't hesitate long before pressing forward, before catching Billy's mouth again, fingers fisting into the collar of his shirt, into the soft material at his side.

It's not surprising that Billy Hargrove is a good kisser. He's always got a girl on his arm, sometimes even two. He's got a reputation -- and skills to back it up, it seems.

Unashamedly, he licks into Steve's mouth, messy with it and fierce, too. Billy's hands stay on the counter, pinning Steve still, but his body is so flush against Steve's that it doesn't matter; it's like Billy's touching every inch of him at once.

When Billy breaks the kiss, his eyes are dark and his smirk is slow. "Well, that's mildly entertaining," he says, with a voice too rough and low for his words to be true. "Got anything else for me, King Steve?"

"Jesus, shut up." Steve breathes, the tips of his ears burning. "You're always running your damn mouth."

Sliding a hand up and curling it around the back of Billy's neck, at his nape, Steve tugs him back in. Kisses him a little too hard. Presses all along his front and bites at his lower lip.

It's when Steve's teeth sink in that Billy groans, hips rocking rough against Steve's lower body. And there's no disguising that Billy Hargrove is *hard* and moaning into Steve's mouth. His hands lose their death-grip on the counter and finally, *finally* find Steve instead. One fists in Steve's hair and the other slips devilishly underneath Steve's shirt, warm fingers working up Steve's side over his ribs.

Another shudder ripples up Steve's spine. Billy's hand is *burning* on his skin, feels like a brand against his nerves. His touch, though, is gentle. A contrast of the fingers curling tight in his hair, of the way Billy presses in hard to rut at Steve's hip, the counter digging into his lower back. Billy's fingers are rough against the ladder of his ribs, but they slide easy and soothing over Steve's skin until he moans and shakes against him.

Steve can't believe how kind that touch it. Remembers the way Billy's hands had given him nothing but a split lip and a swollen face before. But here, now, there is none of that-- bar, maybe, the heat. And Steve can't help but echo the sentiment, palm easing out over the warmth of Billy's chest, thumb drawing circles at the hollow beneath his ear.

"God," Billy breathes out against Steve's lips, and he sounds wrecked. Truly. "Wanted you for so long."

Billy's lips move to Steve's neck and they're both panting into the

quiet of the kitchen, Billy rocking against him as he sucks a deep bruise onto Steve's neck. Like he's claiming him -- and maybe he is.

Steve's fingers brush against Billy's neck and then Billy's leaning back up and kissing him again. Just as needy, but lacking some of the abrasiveness from before. Gentled by Steve's touch, maybe.

And Steve's head is swimming at the thought. That Billy, with all his jagged edges, could soften for him. And that Billy had been wanting him, wanting this, just as long as Steve had been.

He reaches for the bottom of Billy's shirt and tugs. Pulls it free of his pants and pulls the snap buttons open so that he can splay his hands out over the hard lines of Billy's abdomen.

"Tell me about it," Steve mutters, kissing at the corner of Billy's mouth.

Billy moans, breathy and low -- a secret sound, something that sounds like it's just for Steve. "God, *Harrington*," he says. "First time I saw you, that was it." Billy groans as Steve's hands creep upward. "And then, I'd -- I'd see you in the fucking showers and I wanted you so bad."

Billy bites Steve's neck at the same time as he tries to wrench Steve's shirt over his head, wanting too much, all at once. Eventually the shirt comes off and Billy's mouth returns to Steve's neck, lips pressing kisses over sensitive skin.

Steve hisses. He shoves at Billy's shirt, pushing it down and off of his shoulders, getting at all of that warm skin beneath it as the material pools at their feet. His head lulls over, clutching Billy closer, fingers digging in at his shoulders, *aching* for Billy's mouth, his hands, his words, his *everything*.

"Why didn't you--?" Steve's throat works. "God, you were such a *dick*, though--"

"I can't do this," Billy says, kissing up Steve's throat. But he doesn't stop. "I shouldn't," he says, lips over Steve's ear. But he doesn't pull away. "God, Harrington, you *ruined* me."

And maybe Steve believes him, because this isn't the same Billy Hargrove who knocked him around at Jonathan's. It couldn't be, because that Billy would have never looked at him the way Billy's looking at him now.

Billy kisses him, tongue wet against Steve's, mouth ravenous and hot. Their bodies are close, Billy pushing Steve rough against the counter, seeking friction. Seeking *more*.

Steve moans, breathy and soft, into the heat of Billy's mouth. His head feels heavy, dazed, Billy's tongue slick against his own, his hands hot on his skin, burning him up from the inside out. He hitches a leg up, hooks his ankle behind Billy's calf, a hand dropping to Billy's hip and dragging him closer, the edge of the counter biting bruisingly into his back. Rocking up onto his toes, his hips rut forward, giving at much friction as he was taking.

He sinks his fingers into the hair at the back of Billy's head, curls them into the short waves and tugs a little. "Show me," he pants against his lips, between heavy kisses. "Show me, Billy, c'mon."

Billy lets Steve rock against him for a moment, for a little while. Just long enough that Steve is getting breathless and warm, feeling coiled tight and electric.

Then, Billy pulls back and drops to his knees in front of Steve.

"Wanted to do this in the locker room," he says, hands at the hem of Steve's pants. "Was fucking drooling for it."

Steve stares down at him, eyes wide and chest heaving, watching as Billy's fingers curl into the elastic band of his pajama pants-- tented with Steve's blatant arousal-- and inches them down. He braces his hands back against the counter, biting the inside of his cheek.

"Didn't-- Didn't seem like it," Steve says.

"I know," Billy says, and he sounds wrecked as he tugs Steve's pajamas down until they bunch around Steve's thighs. "It's complicated," Billy says.

It doesn't feel complicated, though, when Billy's breath ghosts over

his cock as Billy looks at him, hesitating for only a moment before he licks over Steve's head, at the precome glistening at his slit. After that, there's only a beat before Billy takes Steve into his mouth, enveloping him in hot, wet heat.

Billy's hands, warm and steady, grip Steve by the hips, holding him tight. Possessive. And so surprisingly gentle.

"*Christ*," Steve's head drops back, a moan thrumming up from his chest, and his knuckles go white as he clutches at the edge of the counter, pleasure a shock against his nerves and lighting them up white-hot and bright. "Fuck, Billy."

Billy hums around Steve in response. Steve gets the feeling he'd be talking, too, saying something *stupid*, if his mouth wasn't full.

But it feels good as sin, Billy working him over with his mouth in the middle of Steve's kitchen, so he doesn't complain. There's an urgency to Billy's actions, a desire burning just underneath his skin that Steve can feel the heat of, the need. Billy is *good* with his mouth, putting that tongue to use in ways that make Steve's hips jerk in Billy's hands. He gets Steve deep, then *deeper*, until Steve's hitting the back of Billy's throat.

His toes curl a little, against the cool tile beneath his feet, and he's grateful for the counter behind him. Feels like he'd buckle without it.

Bliss makes him shudder, makes him quake, makes the lines of his abdomen string tight when Steve looks down and finds Billy watching him. Steve is panting, open mouthed and heavy, and his hips twitch forward, and Billy *groans* before pressing in further -- *before swallowing around him*.

A cry rips from the back of Steve's throat. The tight heat, the slick suction, is all too much. Billy on his knees is too much.

Steve fists a hand into Billy's curls, tugging as he bucks. Pulling as Billy works his tongue up against the underside of his length.

"Billy -- Billy, I'm not gonna --" Steve tries to warn, as Billy lets him fuck forward into the obscene stretch of his lips. "I'm gonna come, if

you don't --”

Billy doesn’t stop.

If anything, he goes harder, working Steve’s cock until there’s spit pooling in the corners of his mouth, dripping down his chin. Steve can feel the slickness of it, can hear the sounds of him fucking into Billy’s mouth.

It's enough to spin Steve's head. To push him over the edge, until he's sobbing out, spilling out, and clutching at Billy's shoulders.

Billy works him through it, milks it out, makes Steve whine and dig his nails into the chorded muscle under Billy's skin.

Billy swallows around Steve and then cleans him up with his tongue. It’s a little filthy, Steve thinks, as he looks down and watches Billy go to down on his cock. He is enthusiastic, likely spurred on by his own arousal.

When he finishes, Billy presses a wet kiss to Steve’s hip, in the divot right next to the bone. He leans the side of his face up against Steve’s skin and looks up, meeting Steve’s eyes. Billy’s pupils are blown wide, dark and hungry. Animalistic, even. It doesn’t take much imagination to see his teeth as sharper, his grin as wider, his rabid desire as something a little unhinged. It’s dizzying, to think that Steve’s the one with the power over him, the one Billy’s attentions are laser focused in on.

“God, I wanna fuck you,” Billy says. His fingers smooth over Steve’s skin as he licks his lips. “Let me?” Billy asks. “Please?”

All Steve can do is nod. His throat works and his fingertips tingle, and he slides his fingers into Billy’s hair again, giving a little pull to coax him back up.

“Where do you want me?” Steve asks, once Billy is on his feet, pressing in flush and hard against him, and he wedges a hand between them to palm over Billy’s cock, still trapped in his jeans, giving a little squeeze. “*How* do you want me?”

Billy groans, eyes going a little glassy before he kisses Steve hungrily.

He tastes like sex, like Steve, and a little like sweat, too. When Billy pulls back after a long minute, he's panting, lips red and swollen.

"On your bed," Billy says, no hesitation. "Wanna take my time with you. Open you up until you're begging, until you're loose and ready for me."

There's something in his eyes that tells Steve that Billy's thought about it, like he's imagined their first time a hundred times before.

It makes Steve quake. Makes something just as hungry stir, restless, in his stomach. He slides a hand against Billy's jaw, thumbs at the full line of his lower lip, and leans in to kiss him again-- bare and spent and burning for more.

"Upstairs," Steve says, against his mouth. "Take me upstairs. Want you."

Billy picks him up. He circles his arms around Steve's back and hoists -- Steve knows, then, to wrap his legs around Billy's hips. Billy's hands go under his thighs, holding him up effortlessly.

Like that, peppering kisses to Steve's lips along the way, Billy carries him upstairs. Billy finds his room with ease, though he hesitates in the doorway, kissing Steve long and hard before pulling back.

"God, Steve," Billy says, his voice breaking. "Can't tell you how long I've wanted this."

But then Billy's laying Steve out on the bed, spreading him onto soft sheets and then just *looking* at him, admiring him. Steve feels on display. As if Billy hadn't seen him naked a million times before.

His skin warms under that gaze. Prickles with awareness, heart a heavy staccato in his chest.

He reaches for Billy, pulls him close, needs to kiss him, to distract himself, before he breaks and second-guesses this entire thing. He smooths his hands up Billy's chest, then over his shoulders and down his back, tugging him over and onto him, until the weight of Billy's body is pressing him into the mattress-- consuming and comforting all at once.

He licks his way into Billy's mouth, pulls a bit of desperation up from beneath his ribcage, and drags red lines up over Billy's back to coax some of that same heat out of Billy again. Wants the awe on Billy's face to fade into that predatory promise from earlier, so that Steve doesn't feel like he's seconds from shaking apart.

Billy rolls his hips like a goddamn pornstar, grinding down against Steve's hip enough that Steve can feel just how hard Billy is, how desperate he is for this.

"Look at you," Billy says, pulling back from the kiss. "You're so fucking hot, Harrington."

Strong hands smooth over Steve's skin, running over his hips, his abdomen, his ribs -- until deft fingers find his nipples. Billy's attention focuses there, until Steve's breaths are shallow and rapid, until he's squirming underneath Billy again.

Steve arches. He'd already been well on his way to hardness again, and with Billy playing his body like he knows it, like he knows exactly how Steve ticks, is enough to get him there and aching again.

He whines from between his teeth, pushing a little, feeling too sensitive and flush, chest and neck hot. His cock twitches, and he remembers a time beyond this moment when he was brought to the edge from this exquisite kind of torture before. He pushes at Billy's shoulder, at his chest again, swallowing back a sound and panting heavy.

"Billy," he breathes, groaning as Billy ruts against him, the friction of jean on his sensitive skin making him jerk. "Cut it out."

And Billy smiles at that, a little soft and a little sweet and more than a little fond.

"Ask me nicely, King Steve."

Steve bites the inside of his cheek, shifts beneath him, and shudders. "Please? Please, Billy?"

"Only 'cause you asked so nicely."

And so Billy flips him over, pressing a kiss to the small of his back.

For a moment, Billy's heat disappears. But from the sounds of it, he's at the edge of Steve's bed, tugging off his too-tight jeans and climbing out of his boxer-briefs. For a moment, Steve wishes he could watch him do it, but soon Billy is back on Steve, straddling his hips, and pressing a kiss to the back of Steve's neck. Wide hands splay over Steve's ribs, warm and steadying.

"You're the prettiest damn thing I've ever seen," Billy says.

Steve shivers and curls his fingers into the sheets. Doesn't know what to say to that-- never does.

He reaches down and back, touches his fingertips to the back of Billy's hand, and then laces their fingers together and pulls that hand up so he can hold it easily in his own. He turns his head, presses his hot cheek against the cool relief of his pillow, and brings Billy's hand to his mouth, lips lingering over where one of his rings sits.

"Billy," he says, tone soft and maybe a bit chiding, like he's reminding him of something.

"*Sorry*," Billy says, and the word is so soft, so whispered, as it ghosts over Steve's shoulder, that Steve can barely hear it. Then, Billy bites down, taking a chunk of flesh between his teeth. "I'm gonna break you apart, King Steve," Billy says, licking over the spot of now-warm flesh. "And you're gonna enjoy every goddamn second of it."

Billy wastes no more time. His kisses wander down, until he's slinking down Steve's body, straddling his legs instead of his hips. Billy bites down again at the flesh of Steve's ass, sucking and working him over with his teeth and tongue until Steve know's there will be a bruise blooming there for days.

With little warning, wet heat slips between the crack of Steve's ass as Billy's tongue moves closer to its target. Billy's hands grip at Steve's cheeks, pulling them apart to expose Steve, to give Billy more access. For a moment, Steve feels laid bare and vulnerable -- right up until Billy's tongue laps against his hole. Hot, wet, and hungry.

Steve presses his face into the sheets and *moans*. It's loud, even muffled like that, and he feels his entire body jerk. Feels heat yank hard below his navel, something aching and throbbing inside of him, and he pants as Billy works him over with that tongue that had inspired endless fantasies.

He rubs himself against the sheets a little, hips rolling, and he feels Billy's hands squeeze at the curves of his ass.

When Steve's hips give a particularly enthusiastic roll against the sheets, he can *feel* Billy smile against him, tongue pressing in, *in*, until Steve feels a little bit fuller, a little bit more dizzy. One of Billy's hands slips under Steve's hips, tugging him up and away from the sheets, so that Steve can't rub himself off. So his only pleasure is from Billy. It gives a nice little curve to the swell of his back, opening him up even more for Billy's tongue.

Billy takes full advantage. He's messy with it, passionate. Like he's been waiting days, months, *years* to get Steve like this. To get his tongue on Steve.

Steve tries to hide how much he likes it, how good it feels, against the sheets. He pants until the spot beneath his mouth is damp, choking on a moan as Billy licks him open, teases him with deft thrusts of his tongue, until his thighs tremble and his hips jerk.

"*Billy*," Steve says, tugging at the sheets, every inch of him wound tight, like a band waiting to snap.

His cock hangs heavy, weeping precome, between his legs. He wants to rut down, wants to get some friction, but Billy's fingers are tight on his hip and his tongue is wicked.

Steve's eyes squeeze shut, and he whines. "Billy, *please*."

And Billy Hargrove isn't *nice*. Never pretends that he is. But he does relent a little, slowly pushing a finger into Steve's hole alongside his tongue. The way is slick with spit and Steve is relaxed with pleasure, ready for the press of Billy's digit. Billy starts opening him up with one finger, tongue still lapping over Steve's sensitive rim.

One finger becomes two. Billy teases him with it, pushing at Steve's entrance with two calloused fingertips. "So goddamn pretty," Billy says, leaning over to rummage in Steve's bedside table, grabbing at the bottle of lube stashed away in there. He tips the bottle, upending it over his fingers, until they're nice and slick, until Billy can effortlessly push them inside Steve.

"God, you're so *easy*," Billy says, and Steve can hear the smirk in his voice. "You want me so bad, don't you?"

Steve keens, spine curving down, rocking back against the slick press of his fingers. He clenches tight around him, breath coming short as he presses up onto his elbows, head hanging and brows pinched as pressure and pleasure knot together.

"Yes," he hisses, shudder rippling down his back, muscles bunching, and he glances over his shoulder at Billy, knows he must be a mess, face flush and mouth hanging open. "Want you-- so bad, Billy."

Soon, Steve finds Billy working a third finger into him, stretching him wide, loosening him up for something bigger. Something better.

But Billy takes his time with it, sliding his fingers in and out of Steve until his muscles are relaxed, until Billy's fingers scissor so easily inside him. Then, Billy curls them in a way, so perfect, that Steve groans. "You need this," Billy says, pressing his lips to the fleshy swell of Steve's ass, fingers milking him until he can feel his cock dripping against the sheets.

Steve feels like he's going to break to pieces. He's trembling, stretched over his fingers, aching for it.

His head is a fog of pleasure. He feels like every time Billy presses in, plays at the ends of nerves that have Steve bucking and moaning his name, he counters it with slow, agonizingly idle strokes in and out, when Steve just wants him buried in, buried deep. He's got slick slipping down his thighs, from the lube Billy keeps working into him, and he presses his face to the sheets and bites down to keep from crying.

"Fuck, Billy, *please* --" Steve's voice cracks, rutting back shamelessly

onto his fingers. “*Please,* enough*, please*.”

It’s about a minute before Billy finally relents, but it feels like a lifetime to Steve. He’s dizzy and shaking by the time Billy slowly draws his fingers out of Steve, taking his time with it because he’s an *asshole*. Because Billy seems intent on breaking Steve apart and enjoying the mess he’s made of him.

“You sure you’re ready for me?” Billy says, and Steve can feel him move onto his knees between Steve’s legs, lining himself up just right. “Jesus,” Billy says with a breath of a laugh. “Never even asked you if you’ve done this before. Am I gonna be your first, pretty boy?”

And there’s a hint of a joke there, a grin breaking apart the teasing bite of Billy’s tone. But the implication is too seductive, too decidedly base.

Steve's face feels hot. His *whole body* feels hot. He thinks he's going to pass out or evaporate, right then and there, and he buries his face in his arms for a second to catch his breath.

Billy's hands are warm on him then. Stroking over his lower back, then his hips, easing and soothing the tremor out of Steve's body with wordless touches.

Steve swallows, props himself back up, and says: “Yes. You're my first. And I'm ready for you.”

“*Fuck*,” Billy says, and Steve can hear the waver in his voice, the way that fact has warmed Billy right to the core. It’s hot, too, thinking Billy’s going to be his first, knowing how much it affects Billy, too. “All mine,” Billy says, hands pushing Steve into the perfect position, a little rough, manhandling Steve where Billy wants him to go.

Then -- then, there’s Billy’s thumb at his hole, slicking him up with more lube, pushing some inside, presumably just because he can. Then, he pulls back, replacing the pressure of his thumb with the blunt head of his cock.

“Ready for me, pretty boy?” Billy asks, though he’s already beginning the slow, torturous push inside, teasing Steve with just the tip.

Steve groans. His hips are up, held steady by Billy's hand, shoulders lowered so that Steve is practically prostrated beneath him. His hands are out in front of him, above his head, curling and uncurling in the sheets as Billy teases him with a little shift of his hips.

He's panting against the sheets again, has to turn his cheek to them, and he nods and squirms a bit. "C'mon, Billy. Fuck me already."

"Well, since you asked so *nicely*," Billy says, and pushes forward, sinking into Steve. His cock slides easily into Steve, helped by the gentle press of fingers and slick lube. Billy groans when when he bottoms out against Steve, hips flush with Steve's cheeks, filling him up to the brim.

Billy's palm, hot and flat, presses against the small of Steve's back, then draws up Steve's spine. Touching him, touching him, like Billy can't keep his hands off Steve, like he's reminding himself that this moment is real.That this is truly happening.

"God, you're something else," Billy says, thrusting just a little deeper before he begins to rock his hips.

"*Billy*," Steve gasps, eyes rolling back for a moment, just at the immense pleasure of having Billy fill him like this, touch him like this, of having him *inside* like this.

He rocks back to meet him, moaning and pressing his face against the sheets again. He feels himself go *tight*, feels a shudder of *pleasurepleasurepleasure* ripple up his spine, and his breath comes short, ragged, and hot.

Billy slides so easily in and out of him, pace leisurely, thrusts shallow even though he's buried in to the hilt half the time. It's so *wet*-- Steve can hear it, can *feel* it. It makes him feel filthy. The obscenity of it just makes Steve feel hotter, burning up beneath Billy and all around him.

Billy -- doesn't stop talking. It's nothing unusual, as Billy Hargrove seems incapable at even the best of times of shutting his mouth. But his tone is full of praise, now, of awe and of lust.

“God, you’re so tight, Harrington,” Billy says, fingers tightening around Steve’s hips on a particularly long thrust. “You feel so good, so fucking perfect for me. Can’t believe -- can’t believe no one’s ever had you like this before.”

Steve whines. He’s grateful for the position, that he can hide the desperate, needy sounds that leave him against the sheets with each breath he takes.

He ruts back to meet him, to chase that intense, heady pleasure that comes when Billy’s completely sheathed within him. Aches a bit when he’s not. But he doesn’t have to do much-- Billy seems content to drive in for him, to drag him back by the hips to press that much deeper. Steve grunts on a particularly harsh pull, and he bucks, cock twitching between his legs.

He knows it won’t take much. That he’s already oversensitive from Billy blowing him. From Billy working him open with his tongue and then his fingers. He’s not sure if he wants that blinding, overwhelming bliss yet or not-- but he knows he doesn’t want to risk this ending so quickly.

Still, he clenches around Billy on a particularly long drive of his hips. Moans, breathy and hot, back arching and toes curling when he hears Billy make a sound from behind him.

“Not yet, baby,” Billy says, and his voice is *wrecked*. Just -- an absolute disaster. “Not yet.” Here he is, telling Steve not to come, and Billy sounds like he’s only a moment away, too.

But Billy slows his thrusts until he’s moving torturously slow inside Steve, just enjoying the slide and the press of their bodies together. He drapes himself over Steve’s back, all that hot skin flush against Steve’s, overwhelming.

Billy goes slow for a while, fingertips tracing patterns over Steve’s ribs, blunt nails scratching light lines down his spine. “Wanna make sure -- make sure you don’t forget me, huh?” Billy says with that rough voice of his, before he presses a kiss to Steve’s shoulder blade.

Hissing, Steve squirms, hips jerking as the sting of it lights up his

nerves. “God-- *God*, Billy, as if I ever *could*.”

Billy laughs, low and easy, and Steve can *feel* the way he smiles against Steve’s spine. After a moment, though, he nips at Steve’s skin, chuckling like he forgot himself a little bit there. And maybe, maybe he did.

“Can’t be too careful, huh?” Billy says. “I’ve got a reputation to maintain and all.”

Billy Hargrove, *Hawkins High Heartbreaker*, Steve thinks.

“Best of my life, right?” Steve asks, on a breath of a laugh, gasping when Billy grinds in, writhing as his head goes hazy, eyes glassy and dark. “Gonna-- gonna make it so good I won’t want anyone else?”

It sounds like he’s quoting something someone’s said before.

Billy pauses before he laughs -- and laughs and *laughs*. “God, baby,” he says, looping his arms around Steve in what *might* be a hug, if it was anyone but Billy doing it. “You don’t know how right you are.”

And then Billy’s pushing himself up again, pulling himself nearly all the way out of Steve, just to thrust back in again, hard. Hard enough to make Steve groan with it and whimper against the sheets.

“You’ll be begging me for another go,” Billy promises him. “And maybe, if you ask nice enough, I’ll consider it.”

Steve groans and stretches out beneath him as Billy’s hips pick-up a rhythm again. The strokes are long, hard, just shy of rough. Steve slaps a hand against the headboard, gasping out each time Billy drives in, and braces there.

Billy pulls him by the hips, angles his own just right, and Steve is *lost*. Gone to the electric pleasure of Billy’s cock pressing and gliding over his prostate, nerves sparking, body going tight and trembling, like bottled lightning.

“Billy,” he gasps; warns. “*Billy*.”

And Billy just groans and fucks Steve harder. Doesn’t even need to

wrap a hand around to help Steve out, just tightens his grip on Steve's hips and lets words tumble out of his mouth. A litany of praise, curses, encouragement -- all of it.

"C'mon baby," Billy says. "Fuck, Steve. I want -- I need you to come for me." Each thrust is perfect, filling Steve up and angled *just right*. "You're so good, *so good*, baby. You're perfect. Fuck, I'm so lucky."

With each word, Billy sounds even more wrecked, like he's edging closer and closer to his own edge.

And Steve-- Steve can't hold on anymore. It's too much-- Billy moving inside of him so perfectly, praising him, working him over until Steve is crying out each time he drives in-- *Billy's too much*.

Steve sobs when he comes. Sobs Billy's name, and probably a curse, going rigid, breath stalling in his chest as he spills out onto the sheets. As Billy grunts and fucks him through it until Steve's hiccuping out a *please, please, Billy, please* and thrashing, so tight around him, completely spent.

Billy follows quick on his heels, eventually choking back a loud groan as he fucks Steve through his own orgasm, burying himself deep and filling Steve up with warmth. Billy ends up draped over Steve's back, arms wrapped tightly around him, breathing hot and wet against the skin of his back, his spine, his neck.

"God, baby," Billy says, hips rocking just *ever so slightly*, chasing the tail end of over-sensation and the slick mess left inside of Steve. "You're so good. That was so perfect."

Steve moans, shifting a little beneath him, boneless and slumped under Billy's weight, humming when Billy kisses beneath his ear and shuddering at the slow rock of Billy's hips. "My first time with a guy, huh? I don't remember that being part of the scenario."

Effortlessly, Billy rolls to his side, taking Steve with him, staying buried inside him for now. A palm presses flat against Steve's chest, holding him close as Billy kisses Steve's neck, hips still rolling just a little, because Billy's greedy. Always has been.

“Let me live my life, you prude,” Billy says, nipping at the most sensitive place on Steve’s neck, the one that always has him gasping. “Besides, you didn’t seem to mind.”

Steve squirms a bit, but huffs and relaxes after a futile second, lacing his fingers between Billy’s over his chest. “Just wasn’t expecting it. It was good. Great, even. I definitely didn’t come untouched my first time.”

“Creative liberties,” Billy says with a smile, nose brushing against the hair at the back of Steve’s neck. “You *know* if we had fucked in high school it would’ve sucked.”

“I imagine you would’ve left me a lot worse off than a few bites and scratches,” Steve says, droll but fond, squeezing at his hand. “Probably would’ve given me a split lip or a black eye, after. And that’s not counting the stupid fumbling between the sheets.”

“*Hey*,” Billy says, but his voice isn’t harsh. “It would’ve been better than *stupid fumbling.”*

But Billy doesn’t argue the part about the split lip or black eye, because it’s true and they both know it. Years have mellowed Billy out and distance from the past has toned him down. He was nothing more than a hot-headed prick in high school, too caught up in his own issues to be much of a human being at all.

Slowly, Billy pulls himself out of Steve with a noise that gets caught in his throat, and manhandles Steve until they’re facing each other, just so that Billy can kiss him again.

Steve’s nose wrinkles up. He always hates after-- Billy pulling out or pulling out of Billy-- but Billy seems to like the mess a little more. As Billy lets him lick past his teeth, Steve remembers a time Billy had fingered him after, holding him close just like this, until Steve had been near tears when he came again.

Reaching up, Steve slides his fingers into Billy’s hair, and pulls a little. He leans back with a little hum.

“You’re hair’s shorter,” Steve says, a bit dumb.

Billy grins, snagging a quick kiss off of Steve's lips. "I did cut it in 1989."

Way too late, Steve thinks. Billy rocked that mullet for *way* too long, even though anything looks good on Billy.

"I know," Steve laughs, eyes creasing at the corners, kissing Billy's chin, and then his cheek. "I just mean-- I kept expecting the wild curls."

"Mm. Sorry to disappoint, *King Steve*." And *that's* a name Billy doesn't really use for him anymore, hasn't, since the first few months of them dating.

That had been nearly ten years ago.

Billy leans into Steve's touch, eyes going closed, muscles going loose. He's tired, Steve knows, because Billy's *always* tired after sex. Never sleepy, but always loose-limbed and lazy.

Steve loves it. Likes to think that Billy was some wild, jungle cat in a past life.

Smiling, Steve kisses him again, then brings one of Billy's hands up to his mouth and kisses each knuckle, still petting through his hair. He lingers over the band of silver on one of his fingers, shivering and slumping into his arms.

"Thank you," Steve says.

"Feel like I should be thanking *you*," Billy says, arms wrapping around Steve's body once Steve is done with his hands.

Billy pulls him close, until there's hardly any space left between them. It's only *then*, once they're all comfortable and cozy, that he wriggles, reaching down near their feet for a sheet. He always does this, Steve thinks, never thinking to grab the blankets *first* before he gets all settled. Honestly It would drive Steve crazy if he didn't love Billy so much.

Sliding his arms around Billy's shoulders and his waist, Steve presses his face against Billy's chest and *breathes*. His eyes fall shut, and he

knows it would be so easy to fall asleep like this. Knows that he shouldn't-- has learned that lesson a few too many times-- but revels in the warmth of their tangled bodies for a while.

"We should shower, if we wanna meet up with the kids." Steve mumbles. "I need to beat Dustin's ass for trashing my parents' living room."

Billy groans. If left to his own devices, Steve knows he'd laze around in bed all day. Or -- well, he'd laze around in bed for most of the day. The rest of the time he'd dedicate to taking Steve apart, maybe even falling back into their little after-graduation fantasy world again. And the idea isn't *bad* -- but they have plans.

"Do we *have* to?" Billy whines, arms tightening around Steve. "I mean, what am I gonna get out of it, anyway, other than a headache?"

Which is hilarious, because Billy hasn't hated the kids for years, but he still likes to pretend he does.

"Booze from Hop, probably." Steve says, grin wry, kissing Billy's forehead and trailing his fingers down his spine. "And I'll be really, *really* grateful."

"Mm. Does *really, really grateful* equate to a blowjob later? Because I *definitely* had fantasies about you blowing me in the locker room showers, and I figure, why not relive those? While we're at it, you know?"

Steve rolls his eyes, but he's still smiling. "We're *not* breaking into the high school-- but I *will* give you a blowjob."

"*Okay*," Billy says with a smirk, pressing a kiss to Steve's lips. "Whatever you say, baby."

Author's Note:

> kudos and comments always appreciated. <3
>
> you can find us on tumblr at brawlite and toast-ranger-to-a-stranger. come say hi!